



A N

E L E G I E

Upon the DEATH, and in COMMEMORATION
OF THE
Truly HONOURABLE and truly LEARNED,
JOHN Lord WILMOT,
EARL OF
R O C H E S T E R.

A Las! what dark benighting Clouds or shade
Of Gloomy Fate has this Invasion made
On the bright Confines of far-shining day,
And there Eclips'd the light refulgent Ray
Of Sacred Honour, and transplendent Worth,
Which Wisdom still from thence was beaming forth?
But can it be that he's so quickly gone,
Rapt from the Earth so soon the Muses Son, }
Who from the evening world such Lawrels won,
As with Eternal Green must wreath his brow,
Till Time shall be no more, and Fate shall bow?
Fame cannot be unjust to him she bore,
And with him on her Silver wings did soare
Higher than *Pegasus* durst ever rise,
His Name engraving in the starry skies.
Great **ROCHESTER**, *Minerva's* darling-wit,
Inspir'd by her, the famous Heroe writ
Such Mysteries as puzzle'd dull Mankind
The meaning of those deep Profounds to find:
And having long paus'd on the Mystick Theam,
Like the Magicians upon *Pharaoh's* dream,
They did confess that they had fought in vain,
Till the renowned Author did explain
The weighty Syllogisms. For none could bring
More Loyal attestations for their King.
Truely Heroick, more than can be told;
Indu'd with vertues far exceeding gold,
Or all the precious Oriental Jems
The bounding Ocean holds, that *India* hems.
Flow, brynie Orbs; weep, *Britains* Isles for him,
Till in salt tears thou like to *Delos* swim.
For can such Sapience unregarded set?
Or can ungrateful Man his worth forget,
Whose Candid Soul in a sublimer sphere
Divinest Attributes deserves to share?
Should his great *Requiems* now be left unsung,
No doubt the Golden Lyres by Angels strung,
In doleful Numbers from the high-rais'd Pole,
On which the glittering Orbs of Heaven do roul,
Would nightly from Seraphick Hierarchs sound,
To wake the drousie world through Earths vast round,
The great Idea's of his far-stretch'd fame,
And Sapience Angelical proclaime.
With Conduct and with Courage was he fill'd,
Those great Foundations on which Empires build:

In War renown'd, at home for Peace besought:
For with his Pen as well as Sword he fought:
Equally dreadful to correct the proud,
And send Chimera's to their Mother-Cloud.
Though great by Birth, yet condescendent still
To all that sought him with compliant Will.
Meek in himself, true Honours brighter eye,
The only Badge of true Nobility.
For Pride in Greatness gets Contempt and Scorn;
Which dwells in Baseness rais'd, not Nobly born.
Heroick Vertues shin'd in him so bright,
That they oft daz'd the sharpest Eagles sight
Of prying Envy, which is only fed
On Honours Ruines, when 'tis Captive led.
'Tis sure, the Fates were cruel to supplant
The Man, whom now so much this Ille must want;
Yet wanting him, in loss for ever lye;
Too good for Earth, now rap'd above the Sky,
Where Hallelujahs he Triumphant sings,
Born up aloft on high Cherubean wings,
To eccho Praises to the King of Kings:
Whilst ore the bright Emphyrean fields he strays,
Crown'd with a Wreath of never-fading Bays;
Admir'd by the Angelick Orders there,
Whose beaming Faces are Eternal fair;
And yet from his diviner Soul did gain
A pleasing sense of Joy which they sustain.
In endless Bliss, and coeternal Praise:
There let him dwell time boundless without Days.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies the *Muses* Darling, and the Son
Of Great *Apollo*, who such praises won
Upon this Mole-hill Globe, that Heav'n thought fit
He rais'd on high, should in bright Mansions sit,
And safely thence upon the world look down,
Whilst ever-radiant Wreaths his Temples Crown.
The loss is ours; from Earth Heav'n won the Prize:
His Body's here, but Soul above the Skies.

F I N I S,